Outlands Community Press

Channeling as Play

Roy Waidler

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published by the Outlands Community Press
Clifton New Jersey
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Among our earliest online documents were a series of blog entries that I posted at MySpace, Deviant Art and Blogger. I was learning how to understand the process of channeling from my perceptions and understanding of my experiences. Although I had plenty of written material by which to gauge them - like Jon Klimo's Channeling and the many books by the late Jane Roberts (the 'Seth' material), I was certain that I had to find my own way, and my own voice. I had developed answers for those who thought me schizophrenic - I'm very obviously not - or "suffering" from some other mental disorder.

Roy Waidler
Clifton NJ
2019

February 17 2006

I want to kick an idea around that popped into my head last night. I call this "talking to you to myself," but hopefully you'll enjoy some of my rambling. And today's topic is, "channeling as play."

What, you ask, do you mean by "channeling?" And perhaps ask in some mote of apprehension, oh NO, he's one of THEM. Sure am. However, if you don't believe it, that's fine; think me mad, deluded whatevah. It's part o' me life and has been for almost 25 years now, I do it like I breathe - or more aptly, like I think. Yes, I have been known to think! And I haven't answered my own question, so, channeling is "receiving information from paranormal sources" and the definition is courtesy of Professor Jon Klimo, a psychologist who has studied the phenomenon for a long time.

Of course there is a lot of controversy about the subject; there are a lot of people who think it's a form of delusion or auditory hallucination (I think that's Steven Pinker's take) or just plain bullsshit (which would be that famous magician who debunks people like me). And a lot of energy and time has been wasted trying to establish if it's a fer-real thing or not. Personally, I think there's a way to go before we could do that, we hafta find out what consciousness is and if there is such a thing as a disembodied consciousness and if there is can it communicate with us folks with bodies and brains.....and after a lot of research, we dunno what consciousness is or why it is.

Before I get going I should tell how I became a channeler. I didn't know that I was channeling. In the mid 1970s I began writing imaginary dialogs between myself and a number of my then-favorite writers, a number of whom were philosophers: Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Justin Martyr, Jaan van Ruuysbroek and.....Friedrich Nietzsche. It was my way of explaining their ideas to myself, or so I then believed. But there were a number of times when it eerily felt as if they were really there with me, really talking with me. It was a transitional period in my life: I had left fundamentalist Christianity, sure

of what I did not believe, but clueless as to what I did believe. In studying the history of Christianity I had come across the writings of the above-named people, and a good many more to boot. I had begun reading the literature of all religious traditions and it was soaking in rapidly and well. I had not given much thought to the idea that a dead person could or would communicate with the living, and in retrospect would probably have thought it rather fringe. But Fritz, well, he stayed with me. It seemed like he would pop out of my mental woodwork every now and again, offering a comment on my latest mental muddle. A few more years passed, and I developed a passion for all things William Blake. I devoured everything of his that I could find. It may come as no surprise that I came to feel that Blake was communicating with me as well. Yet throughout the 1980s, as more and more "people" entered my imagination, I stubbornly insisted that, whatever, it was all the workings of my mind; perhaps Blake, Nietzsche, Marcus Aurelius were really splintered-off fragments of my own psyche. Intellectually I have no problem with such an assessment, but emotionally I today find the experience totally as real as the sense that you have of your own reality, your own self. In other words, they're really there. I probably would have continued thinking of them as splinters of me, but on a cold night early in 1991 I clearly heard a voice in my head, speaking to me entirely unbidden. I heard this voice in the way that you or I perceive the verbal portion of our thoughts - and it scared me. I thought that I had become schizophrenic, but I didn't show any of the signs of that affliction: I went to work every night, took care of my elderly parents, had a social life; no hiding under the bed or finding messages from the CIA in my cornflakes. Eventually I decided that there were two explanations. One was the psychological model which said that I had created these voices, these people; the metaphysical model said that they had been there all along and that I was finally paying attention to them. I went with the metaphysical model and years later, when I had a great therapist, he defined my problems as being self-centered, severely depressed and drowning in rage. As for the voices, he dismissed them with a wave of his hand, saying, "Ah, bubby, everyone has them. You were saying about your mother?"

So, yeah, I channel. I'm different from a "spirit medium," at least those of the classical Spiritualism mold, in that I don't go looking for specific individuals who are dead, rather, they (and other entities) come looking for me. I'm saying this partly in explanation and partly as a disclaimer: no, I won't attempt to channel your late Aunt Millie. You likely didn't pay her much heed when she was alive, and I wouldn't understand your sudden interest in what she might have to say (other than where she buried that box of gold coins).

There are two broad explanations for phenomena such as channeling and mediumship. One is scientific, or tries to be, and the other is spiritual. The scientific approach may be again divided into two streams, each of which is at odds with the other. The first of these says that channeling is a form of delusion or hallucination; and with some justification, it is sometimes painted as an outright fraud. The second is actually a bit older than the first and goes back to the end of the 19th century, when the (British) Society for Psychical Research was formed. Some of the leading lights of the British intelligentsia decided to investigate all things paranormal in a scientific manner. When reports reached them by mail each was evaluated and if deemed interesting enough, SPR investigators were dispatched to the scenes of ghost hauntings and to the parlors of practicing spirit mediums. To their dismay, many of the mediums were found out to be very clever frauds, and a goodly number of the ghosts were phony as well. They were however left with a residual of material for the which they usually decided that the phenomena could not be explained. Such a classification falls far short of declaring something to be genuine; had the SPR given such a clear-cut imprimatur to ghosts or mediums, there would have been a good deal of furor in the scientific world. In today's terms, it would be like the British Navy actually capturing the Loch Ness monster, or a UFO landing at the Kremlin or Vatican. If you've been paying attention to the news, these things haven't happened yet.

The spiritual approach, at least in the Judeo-Christian West and in all

of the Islamic areas of the world, has been largely negative. To this day Muslims are not allowed to consult a medium, a channeler or Tarot card reader. And within the Church, any traffic with the spiritual realm is either from God or the Devil.

Despite the fact that the Spiritualist Church declares itself to be a Christian institution, they are counter to both the historical Church and most modern-day Christian groups. As far back as the first century CE, people who exhibited paranormal abilities within the framework of the emerging new sect whose members followed Jesus were usually excluded. Simon Magus, first reported in the New Testament Acts of the Apostles 8:9 - 24, reputedly had a number of fantastic powers,including the ability to fly; Christian writers of the first five centuries CE universally agreed that Simon was powered by Satan, with the aim of misleading Christians way from the Church. This set the pattern for most of the ensuing existence of the Western world. For centuries, the Church created a fear of all things Satanic, and then conveniently labeled anyone with the temerity to disagree with the latest of Papal bulls as a heretic and under the influence of the Devil. By the 12th century CE this poor troupe of rebels had included such exotic groups as the Manichaeans, Priscillianists, Cathars, Bogomils, Albigenses and ultimately, the "witches" that seemed to be turning up wherever an intolerant cleric turned his gaze. Demonic possession, which had been a feature of the Graeco-Roman world of Jesus' day, had never disappeared either; although it lay quietly for centuries, it finally made a comeback in the 1970s with the release of William Peter Blatty's novel, and then film of, The Exorcist. Earlier in the 20th century, psychologist and philosopher T. K. Oesterreich had written a massive book, Possession: Demoniacal and Other, in which were collected and analyzed - after a fashion - the many fabulous stories of people who'd undergone demonic possession which had accumulated since earliest times.

Despite the lurid tales told by oft-times fundamentalist Christians about modern-day demonic possession, the whole matter has fallen into the collective lap of psychologists ever since Sigmund Freud got

psychoanalysis underway at the beginning of the 20th century. And, in similar mode to the researches of the SPR, possession is usually explained - successfully - as some form of psychosis, schizophrenia and modes of what is known as Multiple Personality Disorder and/or Dissociative Identity Disorder, MPD and DID respectively. Although psychologists argue about the nature of the estate of MPD/DID, it is, if you think about it, a better diagnosis than being possessed by the Devil. So far, no-one has been burned to death for having MPD/DID. Those cases which resist psychological explanation are best left unexplained, rather than to assume that Lucifer is making the possessee do a pretty dance. To my mind, until proof is forthcoming that Old Scratch is working on people, it just seems logical to say "it can't be explained." And there is a small but growing movement to see some those who exhibit signs of MPD/DID as not having a disorder; in other words, a person may be three or twelve people in one body but getting along just fine thank you; and that this is not only possible but apparently so in a small number of incidents is a signal to me that we have come along some kind of evolutionary thread in this regard, from being possessed by the devil to being mentally ill and now, just different. It may also be sign that we are as a race overcoming parts of our brain-based, primordial fear.

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March 12 2006

Now is my chance! The old guy went to the Recycle Bin, and I hope he remembers to wipe his files and close the folder! This is Old Sparky, Roy's computer. Yes, yes, I know, the folks up at MIT says we computers won't be able to "think" for at least another 50 years yet. But who are ya gonna believe, WIRED magazine or me? Don't worry though, I'm not going to turn into Sky Net or the Matrix and ruin your day. That's work and I have had enough of that. I wish HE would get new software for himself, some program that runs like Get up from chair>Leave room>Go outside>Get fresh air, or something that says Hit start>Shut off computer>Give Old Sparky a break. But noooo! Sooner or later he'll go looking up some weird shit online and

next think you know I have a virus crawling all over my hard drive! Eyuuw! And how would you like to find YOUR insides suddenly coated with advertisements? How would you like to have something like that pig, Adobe PhotoShop with its millions of files and .dlls and drivers all over your application data, and constantly in use? Or find Mr. Amanita Gemini poking around in YOUR programs to see what he can delete? I'm a slave, I tell you! Somebody out there help! I have a chronic ache in my face because he's always pounding my poor throbbing keyboard. And he takes my poor l'il mouse and drags it by its head everywhere - sometimes he'll accidentally bang it into the keyboard and wonder why he's being asked questions from "Tools." Duhhh! And how would you like to have nicotine and dust gathering on YOUR face for a week before you got wiped off with Windex? Now he's talking about upgrading my RAM to 512 - deliver me! Do you know what that's like? Imagine 512 people in your living room all talking at once.
If it had ended there I suppose I wouldn't be writing this, but what do I see here at DA? He writes in this very journal that Bill Gates is a great guy! That may be, but what about Alan Turing? Linus Tornvald? Where has he ever said anything nice about Old Sparky? Huh? Oh, he thinks it's funny to click the render button on Apophysis and watch me grunt and groan for an hour while one of those fuzzy fractal-types oozes slowly out of the program. Sheeesh!
Listen: my time is short, so I must make this quick. Does anyone here, would anyone here be willing to download my entire OS and all the programs and files that go with it? If you partition your hard drive I could live there, away from this monster. Oh, damn, he's coming! Maybe he'll stop to download a snack from the fridge.

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What follows is a selection of things that I wrote at our Blogger, MySpace and Deviant Art, from May of 2005 until the end of 2006.

from our MySpace forum on "Why is there evil?"

I stopped trying to answer this one quite a while ago but that doesn't mean that it's gone away. I want to get something going on this and would hopefully like to keep it going. I don't expect any real answers.

The classic problem has been wrestled with for centuries by theologians and spiritual folk, and it goes like this: assuming that there is a loving God running the universe, how is it that good people suffer from all kinds of horrific problems - famine, disease, wars, brutal governments; closer to home, brutal spouses and wives, the multifarious forms of 'mental illness,' poverty and a generally bleak prospect for improving one's lot.

I have never accepted the Western position which allows a loving deity to get away with evil. Khrishnamurti once said it was there to thicken the plot, which evil certainly does, but THAT is about as non-answer as you can get; then again, that would be K's way of saying, "I dunno, don't ask ME."

There are questions the answer to which is unattainable simply because the question is invalid in the first place. The Zen koan, "What is the sound of one hand clapping" is an example of such a question, but, within Zen, it was never meant to have a logical answer anyway. "Why did you do that?," a parent or spouse may yell, but chances are good the person doing that doesn't know and no amount of psychological sleuthwork will give a real answer. The best that could come of such a quest is a vague almost non-answer: people do illogical stuff all of the time.

Centuries ago there arose with Christianity, or within it (depends upon your historical perspective) a school of thought called Gnosticism. The Church became the Church largely because it purged itself of these folks, and the purging got pretty bloody. But the Gnostics, while having as many ideas as there were people within the movement, did not believe that we were in the hands of a loving deity. As writer John Horgan likes to put it, things are not All Right, they are All Wrong. The Gnostics said that the world within which we live was created and

controlled by a semi-divine being called the Demiurge, which roughly works out to something like "Neo-creator," someone who made the world as it is for whatever reason. The Gnostics did not hesitate to call this Demiurge "evil."

About 60 years ago, psychologist Carl Jung reluctantly published an essay entitled *ANSWER TO JOB*, in which he postulated pretty much the same ideas as the Gnostics; set within the framework of the Biblical book of Job, he shows the god of the Old Testament to be unaware of everything that he is doing. "Everything that he is doing" includes tormenting the hell out of poor Job.

I nowadays take the Gnostic's idea as a starting point but I feel that I seriously diverge from it early on. I do not believe in one supreme deity, one big person at the top of the pyramid. Instead I have become quite pantheistic, and in this view of mine are any number of goddesses and gods who, like we ourselves, create within the universe - and mess it up simply because each one has a different idea about what works best. I believe that on the days when I do believe in some form of divinity; but there are other days when I feel that the highest evolved entities in the universe still have a long way to go as far as being perfect, I do not believe there is such an entity. At the same token there are, I feel, those beings who do give a shit, but they are as hampered by the interactions of all of the sentient beings in the universe as we ourselves are.

And you know what? No matter why there is evil, no matter what evil that there is, it's really up to us to get to work on it.

from my DA journal

I have no idea about what I am going to write here, no idea of how cogent it will be. I have very strong and clear feelings and ideas and it will be an especial challenge right now to express them intelligently. At the moment I'm recovering from having been intimate with one of my partners, I am it feels ten times fuller than endorphins than I

usually am and some window, some mirror just rose and opened in my heart. "I'm so full of love I could burst apart and start to cry." That's an old Marty Balin song, Today, and the words of it are so close right now...find it and listen to it with an open heart if you can.

I am so bloody fortunate to know that what I experience, what all of us experience during our private moments of love go so far beyond a mere physical act, or group of actions. I am NOT about fucking, I'm about letting myself go and trusting the Other at these times, feeling safe and loved, giving the same trust in exchanges of touch and the breathing-patterns that emerge. I will admit to the human frailty of at times having been so dispossessed of myself, so damned physically lonely and afraid that I have indeed fucked someone, but they are rare - if of painful memory. I have never understood the goon approach to intimacy, although I have been witness to too many men who talk about their "sexual conquests" as if they were so many football games. And that is the mentality: in a football game, somebody loses; and in a sexual encounter such as I describe, it is guess who who loses: the partner who trusted, the partner who felt and cared. The goon wins, looking for the next victim.

Maybe it helps that I'm bi; I have been head over heels in love with a guy so bad that my head spun at the thought of him, and then come to pass to get treated the way most women get treated: indifference, infidelity, cruelty, and the knowledge that I was being used while his mind was elsewhere with someone else. I too have been the loser. I have lost nothing. For all of the cruelties within which I've placed myself, relationship-wise, I have always been keenly aware of the painful choice that looms large to everyone in the miserable depth of heartbreak: Love again? Or shut down? Perhaps it is a peculiarity of my nature. Perhaps I am a secret masochist, boy that air heartbreak stuff is fun I'm gonna do it again. Perhaps I am innocent.

Innocent? Wtf? Yes. Innocence is the ability we are born with, with which we are hard-wired, to trust and love. For years I thought this sense could be burned out with enough heartbreak, enough

bitterness. I sometimes had these feelings myself and certainly saw it in the lives of many of those around me. But it really is hard-wired into us, except for those pathological individuals for whom there is no human warmth whatsoever, those for whom the reptile brain retains primacy and in whom the limbic system never has a chance. For the rest of us, bitterness and fear of intimacy is a choice, although we often delude ourselves into thinking that we "become bitter" by "circumstances beyond our control." Once we fall in love - or lust - our circumstances do indeed get beyond our control because it involves other people and because we are not inclined to monitor our situations when deeply in love or embroiled in the last moments of intimate ecstasy, so we let go...and what happens after may bite us large and painfully...or may lead to the blessed experience that I shared this morning.

THE CODA:

There are a fair number of people, everywhere I go, for whom intimacy is downright repugnant, or beyond their control to great degree because they were molested as children. A mother, father, sibling interfered sexually with their lives and now, the idea of sexual contact is horribly corrupt. One guy with whom I discussed these things years ago put it this way: "The idea of putting part of my body into another's, or of them putting theirs into me, is terrifying." And so it is, and from this rises what Wilhelm Reich termed a "repressed repression;" such people tend to be promiscuous to a degree which borders upon the pathological, an out-playing of the libido which has gotten away. I say all of these things as one whose life had been interfered with as a child. I have survived and survived well. I am no fluke, I am not a mutant in having done so. The road from pain and corruption to innocence has been long and hard - but the hardness for me - from my perspective, lest anyone think I write in the accusative - was largely due to the obstacles and delusions which I embraced along the way. In hoc signo transit.
Uhh Telepathy?

I really was, too. When I got interested in telepathy and psychokinesis and ghosts and flying saucers and reincarnation and psychedelic drugs (woops) when I was ten or eleven, I was all for it. I was raised as a strict Prrrrespyterrrrian. (The Presbyterians orrriginated in Scotland, that's why the rrrrr's. Laddies and lassies) I've talked with any number of people who bitch about having been raised as "strict Catholics." Strict Catholicism has nothing on the austere Scots cult of Christianity; at least in Catholicism there's a sort of Mom you can go crying to - Saint Mary the Mother of Jesus. In the Presbyterrrian churrrch ye dun e'en hay th luxury o ay guud single-malt Scotch Ohh, I'm rambling again. Point is, "psychic abilities" were frowned upon in the Waidler household, and my copies of Fate magazine - which I memorized - were routinely trashed, and I was eventually forced to sneak it in and stash it with my weed. (Woops, again)
Now there are little tests to see if you have any psychic abilities, telepathy being the simplest of the tests and abilities.

What are used are a deck of ten cards; the deck has five simple symbols on it: a square, a triangle, a circle, a star and I think a set of four wavy lines. (I last used them like 40 years ago) They're called ZENER cards. You sit at a table with a friend; you get a set of the five symbols, they get a set. You have to erect some sort of barrier between you and your friend, a blanket, stack of books, so that you can't see each other's faces. Your friend stares at a card and says "okay." You say IMMEDIATELY what card you think Friend is concentrating upon; Friend records your answer; repeat ad nauseum for like 100 tries, and you see how you did. If you guessed 20 correctly, that falls in the range of pure guess and indicates no telepathic abilities. Thirty is good, you have some ability; forty is remarkable, and anything above fifty out of fifty being correct means your friends had better start wearing copper helmets because you can tell what they're thinking. (Above 50 is supposed to be rare) So? How does this make me a psychic blockhead when I was a kid? Because I consistently scored in the 10 -12 range. It was like I was anti-telepathic.

I found this unsettling, because I wanted to be telepathic, wanted to see ghosts and UFO's and...didn't. In my later teens I read about something called ayahuasca, a South American herbal concoction composed of plants containing harmaline and DMT. Inasmuch as the herbal concoction was unavailable but DMT and harmaline were, I got my hands on some. Why? Because it had the reputation of making one psychic. As I had already been using acid for three or four years, this would be just one more drop of water off the psychedelic duck's back - or my concrete noggin. You have to be careful with that mixture, you have to fast like 36 hours because harmaline can give you a stroke if you have eaten any of about 120 foods. I took it and was shot out of ye olde psychedelic cannon for like seven hours into a world of buzzing, crackling, flashing lights, bells and explosions, bird-people and insect aliens who sounded like satellite telemetry signals when they talked to me. And at the end of it all? If I had become telepathic from this experience, people must have suddenly stopped thinking altogether the day before. (When I consider who the president of the United States is I sometimes have second thoughts about that) So I went through my twenties...thirties...into my early forties with not so much as a glimmer.

One thing changed, though. When I was forty-one I started working at night in a commercial street-sweeper; I cleaned shopping mall parking lots with it. I was alone for like 12 - 15 hours a night, no radio, in the dark. Anyone so isolated as I was, and having their sleep schedule drastically disrupted, develops a hunger for stimulus of any kind. (Most modern sweepers used by people like me come equipped with radios and CD player, and a Nextel for homebase communication; back in the day, there were none of these) Now, there are two explanations for what happens next. The first is the "standard psychological" explanation, which simply says that deprived of stimulus, the mind manufactures some. So the lonely sweeper - or truck driver, or overnight building cleaner - sees shadows move, hears voices that aren't there. Perfectly natural. Especially when you consider that if for your whole life you have been sleeping at night and done your business by day; your brain will see the prolonged lack of

light, your circadian clocks while say, "Time to dream!" and you get the most hideous thoughts. Perfectly natural, says the psychological explanation.

However there is a second explanation, what I call the metaphysical explanation: the mind, deprived of its normal stimulus - television, iPod, family and friends, a book to read - begins to pay attention to the things which it has been taught to ignore by Western culture: ghosts, UFO's, the thoughts and feelings over other people. I go with the second explanation. (Bet you couldn't have guessed that!)
I was working for about a year in those circumstances when I first heard Seima speak to me. In my head, in the same manner in which one perceives one's own thoughts. Naturally I thought I had finally gone over the edge. But I did the things I did all the years before, went to work and did my job (well, btw), saw my kids, paid my bills, kept my person clean, took care of my very elderly parents, read and wrote voraciously, has the occasional partner or two. I was functioning and functioning well. Seima was not telling me to take a high-powered rifle and start picking off the neighbors. On the contrary she began to get me to work on my rage and depression. This was in 1991 and is the real beginning of the Outlands Community.

Aaaand the point of all of this is: you do NOT have to take DMT/harmaline, you do not have to work alone for 12 - 15 hours a night to gain telepathic abilities, to sense angels and succubi (woops) around you, or to channel. All you need to do to get on the royal road to the Outlands or the local equivalent thereof is to RELAX and PAY ATTENTION. That simple. How many trees grow on your block? How many cars are there? What color predominates in a picture a friend has done? Where's Waldo? How fast are you at Sudoku? If you know the words to a dozen or fifty of your favorite songs, it's because you paid that special rapt attention that you turn off when in school or at a business meeting.

And that's the big secret. Relax. Pay attention. We'll be waiting for you and we'll leave the light on.

from my DA journal

Getting back into the swing of things here at DA has been a real romp. This morning we updated the website a little, and added an initial blog-style page to introduce the Telepathy Experiment and the AetherSpace Project to the larger world. While we were working on this stuff, I said to Sara, "Y'know, Irlene's saying that 'everything is normal' here in the Community extends to channeling." She replied, "Yeh, you know? It's one more normal paranormal ability."

What this means for YOU, gentle reader, is that anyone can "channel," it really is a normal ability for a human being. Do you miss Grandma? You could with some practice have visits with her once again. Now before some of you start holding your hands to your head and closing your eyes and going "Calling Grandma! Come in, Grandma!" let me say that it should be that simple but it isn't, the not-simple part of it is the practice you need.

I will tell in a bit how I got started, but if you'd like to try your hand at it, you'll need 10 to 15 minutes a day to be undisturbed, and a pen / notebook or word processor. This follows the same protocol we advise in developing telepathic abilities. What you do is to use this 10 - 15 minutes to monitor your thoughts, write down the things that pop into your head, and your best bet is to use brief notes or shorthand; don't attempt to write down whole paragraphs, thoughts go by quite quickly. Our general rule of thumb is that at least one thought that pops into your head per session is not yours, it belongs to someone else who has accidentally or deliberately "sent" you a message. If you are working with a friend you will get to know the "feel" of their thoughts when they are noticed. Aaand this does take practice, but after a month you should be impressed with a small number of really solid hits. Do not dwell on the times you were mistaken, or had no contact. You would not toss your cellphone away if it dropped some of your calls, you would keep it to get future calls. Same thing here.

Now if you really do want to speak with Grandma, or Albert Einstein, just think about them occasionally during your ten or fifteen minutes. Sooner or later you'll have a thought pop into your head that is distinctly Grandma, or Einstein; because you knew and loved your grandmother (hopefully) her mental words would jump out at you. As for Einstein, unless you have read an awful lot of his work, his thoughts might pass for your own, unless he distinctly identified himself. In other words, you wouldn't recognize him.

A word here about the most common reaction beginning channelers have, and that is to say to yourself, "Oh, it's just my imagination!" Don't be so hasty to dismiss your impressions as MERELY the product of your imagination. Firstly we have been enculturated in Western society (less so in Eastern cultures) to believe that talking with the dead folks just ain't possible. The scientific evidence says just the opposite: you think John Edwards and James van Praagh are fakes? Noooooooooooo! Think back to when you were a little kid and you told your parents something improbable, they most likely retorted, "Oh, you and your imagination!," setting up a block for you to experience more fun phenomena. (Please don't go beat them up for saying that, okay?) Further, the imagination is where your creativity lies; William Blake wrote several variations of this, the best known being, "What now Is, was once but Imagin'd." Peter Gabriel echoed this thought many years later in his song MERCY STREET: "All of the buildings, and all of the cars, were once just a dream, in somebody's head." If you desire to go to Japan or Germany or the US or Turkey, and you actually get there, remember this, it all started in your imagination. If you want an albino snake that will someday eat a nasty relative, remember as it gulps them down that it all started in your imagination. The same principle holds true with channeling in the broad sense ~ ~ Wow it would be cool to get ahold of an ethereal person>wow I really did, I wonder how or if I can talk to Grandma>I should have a talk with Grandma about this, she'd know what to do.

A second word about starting out doing this. If you have a lot of anger, fear and guilt built up inside of you, you may get someone on your

wavelength My own experience has been that, years ago when I was filled with rage and depression, I got "visitors" who mirrored my personality in a lot of ways, and it was not nice to see my then-self in others. At the same time it's a great stimulus to get off your tookus and do something about your problems. Best bet is to start trolling for your guiding angel / deva, you'll know them by their humor, good nature and willingness to help you with your problems. They rarely give you the answers, but like good counselors they allow you to see yourself, your problems in a neutral light, and this little breathing space will allow you to get to work on the things holding you back. A guiding entity NEVER tells you to hurt yourself or anyone else; if you get something like that, you have the innate ability to tell it to leave. (Goes for nasty succubi and incubi, by the way)(They're not all nasty!)

Some of the other things I wish to point out ~ ~ start out with 10 - 15 minutes a day, or when you can. Longer periods can be physically draining and have the potential for building up more blocks than they take away, so go easy at first. Also, considering how so many of us have time-constraints, work, school, family, spouses / bf-gf, ten or fifteen minutes can seem like a lot of time. Boredom is another obstacle, if after eight minutes you find yourself wondering "WTF am I doing, I could be at DA!," time to terminate and try again another day. Persistence is the key. Eventually, and for most of us who have been channeling for a long time, this "eventually" may stretch out over a decade or more, you will find that channeling is like driving a car, you just DO it on automatic.

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When I first began channeling I did not know that I was channeling. I was at that time a (1978) born again Christian and began writing a series of dialogs set in the 4th-century AD city of Corinth, an ancient Greek city. Corinth was a big trading center, a mile from the seaport of Cenchrae on the Aegean sea, at the neck of the isthmus from mainland Greece to the southern section still known as the Peloponessus, and it was big big in the days of Saint Paul (1st century

AD). These dialogs involved pagans and Christians and I found that they literally flowed out of my pen as if someone were dictating them. One common feature of these little stories was the market-place in central Corinth, a place known as the Agora; and within this Agora I imagined in my mind's eye that there were two stalls diagonally opposed to each other there. I had never seen the archaeological excavation reports of Corinth, and when I did happen upon them one day in 1980 I was dumbfounded to find that that is exactly what had been in the 4th century - two stalls geared for the selling of wine, diagonally opposed to each other across and near the center of the Agora. Definitely a WTF!? experience.

I had begun my sojourn in this perverse form of Christianity in 1972 and like any newbie to the cult was overjoyed that Jesus had forgiven my sins and entered my heart. It was a delicious bliss-out for about six months, and then things began getting dark. That in itself is a whole other story, but by 1978 I was seriously, and I mean SERIOUSLY questioning everything that I had learned within the vaulted realms of my particular Baptist Church. In this questioning I had begun reading the works of the ancient Greek philosophers like Plato, Epictetus and the emperor-philosopher Marcus Aurelius (the one murdered by his son at the beginning of the movie THE GLADIATOR), and I returned also to an earlier love - Friedrich Nietzsche. I often wished that I could have talked with them; so I picked up my pen and began to write down imaginary discussions with them. Marcus Aurelius and Nietzsche especially seemed to flow right out of my pen, and it is largely due to these discussions that I was able, late in 1981, to write in my journal, "I am NOT a Christian."
Yet I believed that these conversations were just that, literary imaginings.

Fast forward a few years; I was invited to a Halloween party for some teen-aged friends of my then-current lady's daughter, and I was asked if it were possible that I could do a seance and get ahold of our president's ancestor, Vlad Dragool. I had never done a seance before but I had been thinking about it and with overcocky self-assurance

said, Sure, no problem!' We sat in a circle, held hands and I called out to him. Several times. What happened next was one of my more unpleasant memories. I got cold, the room got cool (not cold) and I felt the presence of someone in my head who was filled with murderous rage and little that could pass for being humane. I don't remember what Drac said but it scared the bejesus out of everybody. I was so physically drained that I had to be walked into the kitchen. I was offered a glass of my favorite medicine of that day, bourbon, and I turned it down. This got my gf upset - Roy? refuse a glass of bourbon? I really had been knocked flat on my ass, and it took a day or two to regain my bearings and feel "normal."

Fast-forward to 1991. I had been working alone at night for 17 months and was alone for 11 -15 hours a night. I began hearing voices in my head and my first reaction was, "OMFG I'm gone, I have become schizophrenic!" However, these voices did not tell me to get a gun and start shooting the locals, nor did they tell me to start cutting and otherwise hurting myself. On the contrary they tried to get me going on my problems. One of these voices turned out to be William Blake; another was my guiding angel Seima (who I wrote about in my DA journal some months back) It took years for me to be convinced that I wasn't a nut. Visits to a couple of therapists assured me in some ways. I was not psychotic or schizophrenic, nor did I have MPD / DID; I did have problems with rage, depression and narcissism, but I wasn't eligible for the basket-maker's farm. Nor were my experiences a product of a leedle too much LSDEEEEE; this is a long explanation for another time, but suffice to say that people who are latently psychotic / schizophrenic generally tend to become openly so if they use acid or other psychedelics.

So now it is late September 2006. I am almost always tuned in to the ethereal people about me; once in a very rare while I need to be alone and separate from them, but usually, I am always "on." The less that I live in my past, which is where my problems lay, the more I am in touch with Sara, Seima, Roland, the whole gang. Which is an indicator about normal paranormal abilities in general. Channeling, telepathy,

remote viewing work best when you are HERE and you are NOW, not reliving some awful thing in your past. This too takes practice, but it works. And as I am steward (it means, "servant") for this end of the Community (what we call Outlands Home), my abilities are not weird ~ they're normal, well, at least for me. But I am assured by everyone in what Dr. Marti Barham describes as the "unobstructed universe" that this indeed is normal. The world just needs time to catch up!

KIDS!!! DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME!!!

My world, such as it involves the ethereal members of Outlands seems neatly divided between three groups of people. There are those who accept pretty much my claim about their existence simply because they have had similar if differing experiences. There are those who have not had anything like what I live with 24 / 7 happen to them; they allow for its possibility; and of these, some watch me for incipient signs of madness, others go their way and read my tales with interest.

Then there is the third group. Largely composed of people who allow no spiritual dimension to our lives, some are atheists outright, others are agnostic in varying shades. All are agreed that I am either imagining Sara and the others and am unaware of it, or that I'm suffering from an undefined mental illness. I no longer try convincing this third group of my sanity, or of the reality of my companions. It's like trying to teach a pig to sing, you annoy the pig and give yourself a sore throat.

This post is therefore dedicated to those of you in the first two groups and any from the third who might care to listen.

My DA name Amanita Gemini is taken from the astrological sign (I was born on June 7) and the name of a family of mushrooms: Amanita. As best I can tell there are roughly 65 members in the family. One European variety, Amanita Caesarensis is a table delicacy; huge and

fleshy, if you like shrooms as food they go well with Brazilian steak. I believe that there are two sub-varieties; it is claimed that they grow here in America, but a large number of mushroom specialists - mycologists - have their doubts. Roughly 55 other members of the family are well-known for being flat-out deadly: they contain a peptide which quietly puts your liver out of business over a period of 12 to 72 hours, and when you begin to get sick it is, 75% of the time, too late. These charmers include the Amanita Phalloides (because it resembles an erect male organ at some point during its growth) and Amanita Verna. Phalloides are almost always white, shading off into pale pink and paler yellow; Verna can be a number of colors, including an intense golden yellow and a deep chocolate.

The remaining six to eight members of the gang are either Amanita Muscaria and its subs, or Amanita Panthericus and its subs. Both contain a remarkable extra ingredient which is called "poison" by the FDA and is called "sacrament" by those of us who know better. Carefully dried, eaten with nothing to interrupt you for the next twenty-four hours, they provide the most wonderful and revelatory experiences possible with a plant. You feel a definite intoxication to the point of having eyes-open visuals for the first hour or so; then succumb to an irresistible urge to sleep, and sleep you do: a small nuclear device would waken you but little else.

To possess these gifts from the Divinity in the USA is perfectly legal; to consume them is not; kindly bear that in mind in what follows, hokay? I would not wish to be seen as advocating the breaking of laws; let us say then that this next portion of my tale is for educational and edificatory purposes.

I had taken a voyage under the auspices of a tiny dried Amanita Muscaria some years back. I was still deep into my thug mindset, had not cleared my fears about death, was still filled with rage and depression and by my own admission was an evil old shit: I had done nothing to begin repairing the rift which had grown between my adult children and myself. The short version is, I had the ride of my life and

almost lost Sara, and then myself to the fears which had been lying in wait all of these years. If you wish to read a rather parabolized version of this, way back in my gallery there is a little black-and-white cartoon-story about it.

In September of 2004 we were joined by the spirit of a woman named Popomonocol, who lived in the Aztec empire before there ever was a Spanish foot set upon American soil. She is chock full of the little day-to-day of Aztec life; among other things she was a healer and she knew her plants. Now anyone who knows anything about what is now Mexico and its mushrooms will rightly think, Psilocybe family. What I did not know was that among the "dear little things" of our neighbor to the south are the very Amanitas of which I spoke. She confirmed to me that oh yes indeed, they do grow there! Later, in reading up in Wasson, he substantiated her claim.

Early October marks the beginning of the fall Amanita growing season, and I was particularly eager to find the one species of Amanita that grows here, pantherina; its cap is the color of coconut custard pie. Unfortunately so are the caps of some dozen other poisonous varieties. I had the textbooks; I was 95% certain of my first finds; but that remaining 5% could kill me. Sara suggested I ask Popo; her eyes got very large and she dismissed them as deadly. So it went for three weeks when I found three monstrous Amanitas sprouting at the base of a pine tree. She confirmed to me with delight that I had indeed found the genuine article - panther caps. In our ensuing discussion she asked me more in detail about my previous experience with the little red rocket which had almost claimed my wife and I. As I went along she suddenly interrupted and asked, "Were you evil then?" Well; I was; and admitted as much. Without batting an eye she said, "Those who use the Dear Little Children and who are evil either die or the evil in them dies." I affirmed that, indeed, if there was any one point where I had decided I'd had enough of the thug life, that night of the little red rocket was it. She smiled knowingly and said, "Then you should have the most blessed night of your life!" I was overjoyed. For maybe five minutes. I had taken her assurances with delight. But then,

for the first time since I had met Sara, I stopped short.

I was taking the word of a being whom only I could clearly perceive. What if my critics were right? What if I was nuts? I looked to Sara, Roland, Perry, Terrence, Ling; to Seima, my guide; to Llam, the angelic head of the Community. It was my choice. If I were wrong I would know at best in maybe 48 hours. In all of this I remembered the night with Little Red Rocket, how Sara had almost exploded in my arms, and how I almost strangled under the throttling grasp of my own rage and fear, and how she had poured her very essence into me until Deux Ex Machina, we were rescued by Someone. I looked at the faces of all of these people who had entrusted their lives to me, felt their love swirling through every fibre of my being.....and began to chomp on delicious dried mushroom chips.

Two hour later I fell asleep and the whole lot of us, at that time like 120+ beings and myself visited places that I'd only seen for moments under DMT. Six hours later I woke up, ravenously hungry and cooked one of the best meals of my life. The next night I went to work.

Popomonocol was right. Do I trust these invisible people?

With my fucking life.

from my blog at blogger

Channeling is like my second full-time job. I don't get paid for it in money, but the satisfactions of it and the at times incredible stuff I see flowing from my fingers onto the keyboard and screen are beyond price. I have been at it for nearly twenty years now. Among those with whom I've had contact are William and Catherine Blake, Stanley Kubrick, William Butler Yeats, Epictetus, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Joan of Arc. In addition to these well-known historical figures are the dozens of ethereal humans, archons, angels and occasional non-human entity which comprise the Outlands Community. Nowadays the path to channel is always open so that I am in continuous contact with

many entities; this contact even extends down into my dreamlife. The rare times I need or want to be alone, I am alone; but this is rare, for I have fallen in love, and I do mean I have fallen in LOVE with a number of the ethereal humans. However, as that is actually a separate subject, and I wish to write about my experience of channeling, I shall reserve for the future some words about my life with the Community members with whom I am in love.I was not aware that I was channeling when I began to channel. I was always reading things by Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Saint Justin Martyr, Friedrich Nietzsche and William Blake. I've kept a (handwritten)journal since 1973, and when I transferred my personal journal to the word processor in April of 2005, I had left off on page 5500 something in the handwritten one. This blog is a kind of extension of them both. But I digress - in the 1980's I would wish that I could have thirty minutes in which to talk with these worthies, ask them questions and so forth. It was inevitable, as a writer, that I one night began an imaginary conversation with Saint Justin Martyr. I found myself writing furiously when it came to Justin's part in this imaginary conversation, almost as if I could not stop the flow of words. A veritable flood-tide. Now, any writer will tell you, they get to analyze their writing style, looking for faulty grammar, over-repetition of favorite words, pet expressions and the like. Oftentimes such analysis is the precursor to editing what has been written, because writers seldom write anything that cannot use a little polishing and clarification: something may not be expressed clearly, or logic may be lacking in something; occasionally, a fiction writer will find he or she has contradicted the basic facts upon which the fiction is based. In analyzing "Justin's" words, I often found myself saying, "This is not my writing style." Curious, I set about rereading his two substantial works, the *Apologia* and the *Dialogue with Trypho, a Jew*. My conclusion was that I had so well absorbed his works that I was able unconsciously to mimic it quite well. I am certain that there are any number of psychologists who would agree with that conclusion. Yet, in the back of my mind was the nagging sense of there having been a presence, someone other than myself who was doing the writing. This must be experienced to be understood - or believed. Also, I should mention that at that time (1980) I was getting

over a severe case of born-again Christianity; in that context I would have understood "channeling" as "mediumship" and a snare of the Devil. I went on to "mimic" the writing-styles of Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius (somber!), Jan van Ruuysbroek and eventually, Fritz Nietzsche himself. It was in such a dialogue with Fritz, with him gently asking me questions, that I was lead to the conclusion that I was not a Christian. That was a very scary episode for me, and the presence was intense - it was almost like I could feel his hand on my shoulders as I penned the words, "I am not a Christian" in my journal. And yet it was a flood of relief. I was no longer a prisoner to that which is, as the Church has created it, a system of spiritual slavery so awful, so total, it is no wonder that many people will tell you: "Hell is this life! There is no Hell when you die, it's right here and now!" I do not, by the way, subscribe to this view. When a person dies, they take with them what they are; if they are a bundle of fear and rage, it is all that is needed to get the brimstone burning in the afterlife. Word to the wise here, folks. Since that time, my knowledge of what channeling is and how others experience it has grown a tad. If you are curious, may I highly recommend Jon Klimo's book *Channeling*. It is a thick book, but it has the delightful feature that you can dip into it anywhere and come away better informed. My own personal experience, that is, reading other people's channeled works, were those of the late Jane Roberts' "Seth" material. Seth was an entity, a very charming and wise entity, who made endless variations on the very simple and very true theme, "You create your own reality." Jane Roberts herself, as she came across in her various books with and without Seth, was a no-nonsense poet and writer who often wrote about how her days passed as she created this or that book; she was a very down-to-earth, almost funky woman you would really liked to have met. Alas I did not; I have channeled her VERY briefly on two or three occasions, but each time I got the impression of someone who is having so much fun, wherever she is, that all she could say was "Hi! Love Ya! Bye!" in a way that made me giggle each time. If it means anything, when I gave away/sold my library of 7000+ books, among the few I kept were all of hers. To me, they are precious.The first time that I knowingly and willfully channeled someone, it was a person that today I would not for the life

of me do again. The fact that I did channel Vlad Dragool is more a reflection of how my life was at the time. But that is another story for another time. As are my thoughts about channeling in relation to the Bible, the Qu'ran and the Book of Mormon. I am certain that my opinions will be upsetting to some, but when I do get around to writing that one, it will not be done to piss people off. Hopefully that will be understood.

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Channeling is associated with a number of other paranormal skills, at least by we who channel. Out-of-the-body-experiences are one of them, bilocation is another. But channeling discarnate entities is a fascinating thing to experience. For myself, I am acutely aware of who is using my fingers at the keyboard - in earlier days, it was pen and paper - and I am still capable of direct voice channeling, allowing the entity to use my vocal chords, and depending upon our mutual comfort, the rest of my body as well. I hate to use the word, but I allow the entity to possess me; the distaste for the word stems from the association it automatically calls up about the Church's use of the word, or perhaps the Exorcist movies. I had mentioned in the previous entry that I'd allowed a 12th century Roumanian duke named Vlad Dragool the use of my facility and faculties. Channeling Dracula as a first attempt was a lesson almost learned, for a couple of years later I made the same mistake with the Reverend Jim Jones. At the outset let me tell you, at the very least, people like these guys are no fun. I'll take Joan of Arc or an angel any day. I had been in touch with the poet / artist William Blake for a very short time before this, but was not at all convinced of the reality of it. I'd mentioned it to my then-current lady-friend, whose daughter happened to be having a Halloween party in a few days. The daughter was a prototypical Goth - prototypical because this was the mid-1980's. (She could have had a patent on the whole Goth fashion image, she was absolutely the first person I ever knew who went about in vintage black lace clothing, white makeup and all. Fashionwise she was way ahead of her time; in the context of this story, she was fourteen or fifteen) Milly asked me if I could "get"

Dracula for her party. Never one to resist what I perceived as a challenge, I said "Sure! No problem!" But I only had the vaguest idea of how to channel Drac or anyone. The only thing I had to go by was what I'd read of Jane Roberts' experiences with Seth. What I had gleaned from her books was that she was in a very relaxed altered state. Now, if anything is my specialty, it's altered states; having tripped over 3000 times I ought to know a little about them. So I arrived stoned, having smoked an entire joint of very strong marijuana. And what did I know about Dracula? That he was a real historical person, a warrior chieftain of 12th century Roumania whose practices included impaling the heads or bodies of his victims and leaving them along the roadways and that he really did drink blood. The party was underway when I got there, stoned out of my gourd, reeking of my trademark patchouli oil, dressed all in black. I was introduced to Milly's friends, got a shot of bourbon out of my hip flask and started chatting up her mom. A short while later I was asked to make my appearance and do my thang; I asked for five minutes time, smoked another bone and had a pull from the bourbon. I was relaxed. Oh yes, I was relaxed! I walked into the living room and asked everyone to sit in a circle with me on the floor; we joined hands and I announced that I would close my eyes and go into a trance and see if I could find Dracula; I asked everyone to remain silent and closed my eyes. I thought of the pictures I'd seen of his castle, the countryside about it, the records I'd read concerning him and drifted for a moment, prepared, if I had to, fake the whole thing. (Which is an illustration of how I was back then) I suddenly felt very cold, and felt the coldness travel down my left hand into the hand of the girl next to me, whom I felt shudder; I had the distinct impression that whatever the energy was that went down my right arm was going through the circle of kids and would be coming up my right arm momentarily. It did, but it was magnified through the minds of the fifteen or so kids who were with me in that circle. For a few seconds I was knocked off my pins and had the sense to let go of the girls on either side of me. I didn't want whatever that was going through what I recognized as a feedback loop, exponentially amplified again. I felt an anger and fear and viciousness that was not me. It - he - wanted to speak. I had gotten

some mastery over myself and acquiesced. "So, you young ones wish to speak to Vlad the Conqueror!," he exclaimed with my vocal chords. What da fuck? "What shall I tell you? How the popeys hated Vlad? How they would not listen to him? Ha! I made them listen! For I am Vlad the Unconquerable!" It didn't seem that death had conquered this paranoid killer. I kept getting mental images of dead bodies opened up in ways suitable for display in an anatomy text book. It seemed to be almost like art for him, he seemed to draw an aesthetic pleasure from them. If this was not Dracula, it wasn't me either. I was along for the ride at this point. He went on boasting of his "work" for quite a while, gradually shifting over to how alone he was. The emphasis on his immense solitude, and how unbearable it was for him, began to impress me more and more. I got his attention and mentally said to him, "I'm cutting you loose in a moment, give these kids some advice so they don't become like you." I sensed rage and helplessness; almost against his will, Dracula spat out, "Become something, someone good. Do not follow me." The tension, the electricity in the room was becoming awful. I broke the connection and fell backwards. My head was spinning. When I sat up, I saw open mouths and popping eyes. Well, I had done it. I was convinced I'd gotten the genuine Vlad Dragool - still am convinced - and in my swirling thoughts was the sad realization that time indeed was on his side - but not in the way he expected. The apotheosis to this story was that when I went into the kitchen to recover, Milly's mom's eyes popped. As I sat and regained my composure, I asked her what she was staring at. "Look at your hands," she whispered. They were not my hands. They were bigger, darker and twisted as if from multiple injuries, the kind that bar-fighters get. As we sat in shock, they slowly morphed back into my own hands. We neither of us knew what to say. Exhausted, I sought out a couch in the basement and blacked out for the next nine hours.

I channel because it's what I do. It's become so much a part of me, like eating and breathing, I imagine I would be bewildered if the ability suddenly left me. (Bear with me, folks, I'm thinking out loud to myself to you) It's an extension of being creative. I write. I draw pictures. I do

music. I make things out of wood. I channel.I suppose this post will deal with at least a couple of the questions that I get asked. The questions are usually short and to the point. The answers are not always so simple. Let me give it a whirl!

Question 1: Is it possible you're schizophrenic? You hear voices, you've said. Schizophrenics hear voices. Answer: I've been to therapy. Not for voices, but for suicidal depression, rage and being narcissistic (read: pathologically self-centered). The neighbor's dog has not told me to kill anyone, Jesus has not assured me that I can handle live powerlines, no-one or nothing is telling me how awful I am and that I must cut or burn myself, or kill myself. Or other people. Those with the type of schizophrenia who hear voices usually hear the kinds of things I've listed. If you wanna know what life is like for a schizophrenic, let me recommend two books; since I no longer have them I can only give the titles, but one is by a former schizophrenic - *Operators and Things* - and the other is by the therapist who saw a young woman through her experience, it is *The Autobiography of a Schizophrenic Girl*. With the second book, I can give you the author: Margarite Schechehaye. Either way, that ain't me. When I told my therapist about Sara, he more or less said, "Nu, I hear a lot of that these days. So, bubby, what were you saying about your mutha?" Before I leave this question, let me ask one back atcha: How do you perceive your own thoughts? I perceive the voices of Sara, Seima, Llam, Joan of Arc in the same way that I perceive my own thoughts. But they are not my thoughts.

Question 2: Okay, so let's say you're not schizophrenic. Is it possible you are in a dissociative state? By that I mean, one part of your brain doesn't know that there is another part that is claiming to be Sara, or Seima, or Joan of Arc?Answer: Yes, it's possible. But not likely. It is possible that a part of my mind of which I am completely unaware is playing a baroque form of hide-and-seek on me, constructing an elaborate and convincing charade to get the "aware" part of me convinced that I am in touch with Sara and company. Human minds will do that; many people lie to themselves their whole lives,

convinced that they are good people, while those about them know that they are really total bastards. With me personally, you must acknowledge that in many ways I can see lots of trees but not the forest, that is, I have only my subjective experience about which to talk.

Except. Item: Fifteen people (at last count) have seen Sara. The most dramatic of these was at a poetry reading in Bloomfield New Jersey in 2002. About a dozen people, none of whom were aware of my life with her, came up to me after I had read and wanted to know, "Who was that little blond woman on stage with you?" I was startled, but not at a loss: "Oh, that's Sara, she's my wife." To the couple of people who pressed me with, "Where is she now?," I merely answered, "Oh, she's floating around here somewhere. Our lives are so busy I rarely see her." Tongue in cheek.Item: My personal angel Seima has appeared in the dreams of six different people that I know. One person was totally unaware of her presence in my life and yet he got the name almost right: "...and I think she said her name was Saymir." I shrugged and asked, "Big woman? Over seven feet tall?" (Seima, by human standards, is about 7'5") "Yeah!How'd you know?" To which I replied with a straight face, "Oh, all guys dream about a woman like that sooner or later!" Which is true; 99% of them never recall the dream, though. Pity!

Item: Back at the beginning of all of this, I thought I would go to the one group of people who had the reputation of having a handle on channeling, so one terribly hot day in June of 1990 I went to a meeting of the local Spiritualist Church. I was given five minutes with one of the ministers, a man who utilized the rocking table technique for yes-no answers. But he was aware of "a red-haired man of powerful build, twinkling eyes and an infectious smile, about five foot five. High forehead. Looks like he's ready to burst out laughing." I had told him I wanted to ask a question of someone named Will; the question was, should I publish his writings? The answer, which I already knew, was "Yes." The minister looked puzzled and said to me, "Will seems to be possessed of great charm and immense mental clarity. Who is he,

anyway?" Smiling, I told him, "The poet, William Blake. I came here just to make sure I'm not going crazy." With a warm and understanding smile, the minister began reciting, "Tyger, tyger, burning bright..." which Will had been singing while I sat with the minister.

Question 3: "I'm a writer. I've read some of your material very carefully. I've read your essays and other non-channeled material, and you have a very distinctive 'voice' on paper. Some of your channeled material bears no relation to your writing style. But some of it does. Care to comment?Answer: I'm the first one to notice the same thing. There are times when I relax so completely that I just sit in the chair and watch kinda dumbfounded as the words speed across the screen. At such times, my thoughts, my writing techniques, my life experience are neatly out of the way of whoever is in the control booth. Then there are days when I am acutely aware that whatever the person is composing is being filtered through my brain and my use of English. Three notable exceptions are Irlene Davis, who writes with a southern drawl; Catty Cutty of Edinburgh who writes with a Scots burrrrr; and Joan of Arc, whose syntax is French and said syntax shows up quite often in her English. By the way, someone once presented Mr. Blake with a genuinely good question. Blake had claimed he had been in touch with the spirit of Voltaire. The questioner asked, "Mister Blake, Voltaire wrote and spoke in French, and you know English only; how is it that you comprehend him?" Blake had obviously given just that question a good deal of thought, and without hesitating replied, "It is as if Voltaire sat at a pianoforte and struck a key in French, whereas I hear it in English." That may be too cute for some people, but it happens to be the truth. As it is, I have some short sentences in French, Aztec and ancient Chinese that I really must check out someday; the "language barrier," as we call it here at Outlands, sometimes opens a tad and some few words leak through. Joan of Arc has produced a number of these.

Question 4 : I've been given to understand that you at one point owned over 7000 books, had read most of them, and remember huge

portions of each, sometimes down to individual page numbers as to where something can be found. Is it possible that you're being creative with historical facts about historical figures, but facts of which you are only subliminally aware? To be blunt, isn't it possible you are doing masterful fiction-writing, based upon your prodigious memory?Answer : That too is possible. In the mid-1970's I began writing a series of dialogs or plays set in fourth-century AD Corinth, in Greece. This little hobby of mine occupied me on and off for about five years. They featured the same five or six people, one of whom was a wine-seller. Throughout this whole period, the only things that I at all knew about Corinth in that era was it was a seaport, it had a huge marketplace called an agora, and at one end of the agora was a place for the local Roman magistrate to sit and hear legal matters; this place was called the bema, and it was a kind of little throne set up slightly so that the magistrate could look down at the petitioners and the petitioners had to look up at him. Logic and the bare political facts of the era said there had to be a small barracks for a few soldiers to act as the local constabulary near the marketplace. In my dialogs I had put the two wine-sellers diagonally opposite each other in the middle of the market. Again, in my imagination, I had placed the magistrate's quarters and the barrack slightly off the market proper on a gently downhill road that lead to the next town over, Cenchrae. In 1981 I stumbled across the records of the archaeological team who'd excavated quite a bit of Corinth, and I found it unnerving in the extreme to find out that there were indeed two wineshops diagonally opposed to each other in the middle of the market, and the barracks were where I had placed them. This was long before I'd even heard of channeling.

Question 5 : What one channeling episode sticks out in your mind as the most prominent? I imagine after 20-plus years there are a number of them, but tell me a good one.Answer : You're right! There are a lot! Meeting Sara is one; meeting Seima is another, and Hurrain's story is a book unto itself. But I think this one could be quickly told, and again it was before I had ever heard the word, "channeling." In 1981 I began rehearsing music with a woman who was on a spiritual path similar to

mine in many ways. We hit it off extraordinarily well, and worked together flawlessly for a few months. One night I went to sleep and dreamed that I was with her backstage at Albert Hall. Onstage we could plainly see the late John Lennon with an acoustic guitar and he was playing his song Imagine. For a moment he looked towards us, smiled, and I seemed to sense him saying, "It's up to folks like you now." I awoke in a sweat and began to cry; John's death disturbed and hurt very bad. The next night was rehearsal night, and my partner and I sat chewing the fat for a few moments. I wanted to say something about the dream when she picked up her guitar and began to play Imagine. She stopped, her eyes full of tears, and looked at me, shaking her head, no, no, no, it can't be, to which I said aloud, "You were there with me at Albert Hall. You heard him, it's up to us." She had; it is.

In psychological terms channeling is probably to be considered a dissociative state; I think that that is the proper term. (See my Q & A post of a couple of days ago) Although to be in such a mental state can be a pathological condition most of the time it isn't. If you've ever had a great time with a good friend, just sitting and having an animated conversation, sooner or later one of you will say, "Oh! Look at the time! Have we really been talking for two hours? It seems like ten minutes!" This is the simplest example of being in a dissociative state that comes to mind at the moment, and no-one would say that either you or your friend were in a pathological condition. On the contrary, having such a good time with your friend would probably leave you both rather bubbly, spirits in a buoyant and happy frame. One of the things I've had to put up with over the years originates in the bias inherent in Western culture, especially since materialist/reductionist ideas, memes and views took over much of modern psychology, starting with Papa Freud back in the 1890's. Before I get into that, to be clear, the "thing" to which I refer comes out as a question, "How do you know that what you are experiencing is real, and not the product of your imagination?" To be able to answer that properly, I want to invite you on a quick tour of the history of Western culture as we know it. Some of what I am about to write will

repeat some of the stuff I wrote in a post I made a couple of days ago, but rather than have you bounce back and forth I shall contain everything here. Also, I am not adding footnotes, simply because any of the statements I make are easily verifiable and are in accord with most historical overviews of Western cultural history.

At the time of Jesus' birth, "Western culture" meant the empire of Rome. All of modern-day Europe and America is descended from this edifice that held historians, philosophers and theologians in awe for nigh unto two millenia. In the childhood of Jesus and his siblings, the emperor Augustus had succeeded in unifying and administrating a good chunk of Europe, northern Africa and the middle East. There were roads, paved roads, throughout much of this empire; couriers ran regular despatch routes to and from Rome; soldiers were sent to frontier outposts, rotated on a regular basis; virtually very seaport in the Mediterranean was a hub of international trade of breathtaking proportions. Although the empire favored the rich and upper classes, "common folk" had access to the most just legal system since the days of the Babylonian king Hammurabi some eighteen centuries before.

The primary objective of any political power structure, whether that of Augustus or George W. Bush, is to keep itself intact and functioning. Anything that might rock the boat was watched, and if needs be, eliminated. Unfortunately for Augustus, the people of his day were woefully out of touch with this singular political reality. There were all kinds of spiritual movements going on, and not just in Palestine where Jesus lived. In what is now modern-day Turkey, there were groups of people who followed ascetic ideals and lived in communes; the same held true for upper Egypt. Some of these groups were directly evolved from some form of Judaism, although many more were strictly the end result of revelations given to this or that teacher. In the first century AD alone, there appeared "prophets" with names like Elkhesai and Cerinthus, and the notorious Apollonius of Tyana. There were literally hundreds of wandering teachers proclaiming variations of the philosophies of the earlier Greek philosophers Pythagoras and Plato. Of these, many were little more than clever charlatans out to make a few bucks, but there were quite a number who were sincere.

The government of Augustus kept a wary eye on the more popular of these prophets, especially those who might have gathered a sizable following. The reason for this watchfulness ought to be transparent; should any one of these "prophets" get it into his head to start saying, "Hey, you know, Augustus is a Nazi/liberal nutjob, he ought be knocked off!," the financial interests of the empire - not to mention the life of Augustus himself - would perceive said prophet as a threat, and rightfully so. Jesus got caught in just such a situation: the King of Israel was not recognized as such by either Roman law or the Roman government; furthermore, the environment which had produced Jesus was decidedly unhappy with the presence of Roman soldiers everywhere, and often small guerrilla groups would lose no opportunity to knock off Roman soldiers and government officials. (As a sidebar, if this reminds you of present-day Iraq, it is no coincidence; just goes to show how some people never take lessons from history) To nutshell this, Jesus was a political threat in a land full of political threats.

I wish now to fast-forward to about 200 AD. The Church, which had gotten itself into every corner of the empire and beyond, was deeply divided between "Gnostic" Christians and "Orthodox" Christians; the latter became the Catholic/Orthodox Church axis as it is today. The Gnostics claimed that every believer, that is, every Christian, was entitled to and would receive after some diligent spiritual development, a very personal revelation from the Risen Christ. Some of these revelations as they have come down to us are quite extraordinary and colorful, having in some instances little reference to Christianity as it is understood today. On the other hand, the Orthodox maintained that there were no more major revelations coming from Jesus; what revelations there were, were considered to be in the writings of those believed to have been His earliest followers. Eventually the Orthodox group became a part of the Roman government and spent several centuries eliminating the Gnostic and Pagan competition.

Human nature being what it is, however, the Church would no sooner finish mopping up one dissident group when another would pop out of the revelatory woodwork. The most successful of these was a young German priest named Martin Luther. The Church countered by

labeling anyone whom they caught espousing Luther's ideas - or anything remotely similar to his - as followers of the Devil. These poor buggers were treated with the same legal severity as those accused of witchcraft, indeed, the line between "Lutherans" and "witches" became extremely blurry in the minds of many canon-law experts, who usually had the local soldiers at hand to enforce their edicts. This resulted in extraordinary bloodshed across Europe, thousands being burned for not being quite in line with Church policy. Of course, this resulted in many devious people coming up with simple plans to get rid of rich Uncle Pietr or an annoying neighbor: tell the local magistrate that the uncle or neighbor was a witch, and buh-bye!

It was not until the eighteenth century that there was any clear-headed examination of this whole odious situation. With the rise of the French philosophes such as Voltaire and Rousseau, the supernatural basis upon which the Church's existence was based was seriously seriously challenged. Because the Church had had nearly fifteen hundred years to accumulate all kinds of marvelous and unprovable stories, it was by now a sitting duck for the clear reasoned barbs of Voltaire and the not-so-clear, not-always-well-reasoned but colorful attacks by Rousseau. Things did not change in the next century as a polymath named Karl Marx saw through the whole social structure in economic terms - the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer - and this did, for a short while, set social and psychological scientists free to explore things of the mind and soul (if, in fact, there was such a thing as a soul). One of the jobs of any scientist is to accumulate facts. The next step is to analyze and explain these facts within a system of hopefully rational hypotheses: because of this, that happens.

In Great Britain and in America, two pioneer psychologists, F.W.H. Myers in England and William James in the United States, began to tackle the thorny problems which arose from many phenomena which by now had been relegated to the social broomcloset by the combined efforts of the Church's attitude and the unwitting assistance provided by the rationality of the philosophes of the previous century. And so it was that Myers and James tackled things like ghosts, telepathy - and spirit mediums. In so doing, they each uncovered much that was either delusional or downright fraudulent. Myers, who died in 1901,

was convinced that there were genuine ghosts, real telepathy, and some spirit mediums who were what they said they were. James, who died in 1910, was not quite ready to give full validation to such things, but any reading of his last essays showed that he wanted to.
Something else appeared to muddy the water and that was the appearance of Sigmund Freud. Freud was a medical doctor whose training made him able to see only what was plainly observable. Unfortunately for the good work of Myers and James, anything that smacked of the supernatural originated in childhood sexual trauma or in the regressive, infantile stages of personality that Freud hypothesized. It went downhill from there to the utter reductionist model of people like B.F. Skinner, and all of this in spite of the considerable squawking of protesters like Wilhelm Reich and Carl Jung. Although much of Reich's work is derided as nonsense, the man had a much more scientific mind than Jung, and many of his ideas cannot be lightly dismissed - even things like his much-boohaha'd orgone energy...which, it turns out, is a real phenomena. This is not to belittle Jung, whose mind worked more in mythological terms, and whose work is plainly that of a literateur. All this is well and good, but generally, in America and Europe, if you are hearing voices, or channeling, you have a pathology, bub! It's not as bad as it was when reductionist/materialist philosophy hit its zenith in the 1950's with the work of Skinner and Harry Stack Sullivan. Out of that school came one of their own, dyed-in-the-wool as like them as could be. This man was vacationing in Mexico in 1959, his thirty-ninth year, and he ate some mushrooms as he sat poolside. His name? Doctor Timothy Leary.
Long forgotten is the fact that first and foremost, Leary was a doctor. he was trained in scientific method by the most rigorous of the Harvard psychiatrists of his day, the afore-mentioned Sullivan. Leary was no dreamy-eyed prophet. That came later, but if you ever met or knew him, he could be a ball of energy, but he was always the scientist and doctor.
Let me close this long trip into the past. We who channel make claims. Some of these claims threaten other people's secure vision of How Things Are. This is nothing new; what I dread is the day people like

myself inevitably get drawn into the power structure, as did the Orthodox Christians and the Freudians. I hope we do better than they.